



MAHLER

arr. SCHOENBERG

Songs

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Attacca Quartet

Virginia Arts Festival Chamber Players

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Gustav Mahler (1860-1911), arr. Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Songs

On 23rd November 1918, Arnold Schoenberg founded the *Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen* in Vienna. This 'Society for Private Musical Performances', run and organised by Schoenberg's pupils and colleagues, had the very specific aim of giving audiences a chance to become acquainted with modern music. The formalised prospectus, written by Alban Berg in 1919, set out the conditions required for such an endeavour: that performances must be high quality and thus well-rehearsed; that works should be repeated so that listeners could have several opportunities to hear something new; and that the whole procedure should be carried out without the 'corrupting influence of publicity'. There were no public advertisements or reviews of concerts, and audience members were not allowed to show any signs of approval or disapproval during a performance (no clapping or booing!) – the programmes were not even announced in advance, so that preconceptions associated with certain composers or work types could not influence a member's decision to attend or avoid an event.

A few months before the *Verein* was officially initiated, Alban Berg wrote excitedly to his wife: 'Schoenberg has a marvellous idea, to start next season another society, setting out to perform works from the period "Mahler to the present" once a week for its members.' And so it was that, across the three years of its operation, the *Verein* gave over 100 concerts, featuring music by Bartók, Berg, Busoni, Debussy, Ravel, Reger, Schoenberg, Scriabin, Stravinsky, Szymanowski, Webern, Wellesz, Zemlinsky and many other composers besides – including Gustav Mahler.

However, funding, personnel and space being relatively limited, larger-scale works could not be easily accommodated in their original formats. Symphonies, for example, were simply not practicable. Instead, the *Verein* included arrangements of certain pieces that were considered particularly deserving of performance. Initially, these were usually given in transcriptions for piano duet

or two pianos. Gradually, straightforward piano reductions were replaced by arrangements for chamber orchestra, carried out by Schoenberg and his pupils, for an instrumental combination which tended to consist of piano, harmonium, flute, clarinet and string quartet, occasionally augmented by other players as required.

The works featured on this recording are arrangements made for performance by the *Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen* between 1918 and 1921. Mahler had been an early supporter of Schoenberg's music, and although the relationship between the two men was somewhat ambivalent (Mahler considered the younger man's works interesting but could not understand them; Schoenberg seems to have fallen in and out of love with Mahler's music at various phases of his career), there was evidently mutual respect right from their first meeting in 1904. Mahler attended the première of Schoenberg's *First String Quartet* in 1907, and berated fellow audience members for hissing music that he himself deemed worthy of applause. Schoenberg featured Mahler's music in many of his concerts (not just those of the *Verein*) and wrote a passionate article 'In Memoriam' following his death in 1911, declaring, 'Gustav Mahler was a saint. Anyone who knew him even slightly must have had that feeling.'

The arrangement of the four *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* was almost certainly made entirely by Schoenberg. Mahler worked on the songs through the 1880s and 1890s, providing his own texts, inspired by the writings of Wilhelm Müller and Eichendorff – and an unhappy affair with Johanna Richter, a soprano working at Kassel, where he worked as a conductor from 1883-85. In fact, much of Mahler's original scoring is in itself rather chamber-like – it is really only in the third song, *Ich hab' ein glühend Messer*, that the original version makes substantial use of the orchestra's heft, both in its doubling across instruments and the climatic 'Oh weh! Ich wollt' ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr' ('I wish I could lay down on my black bier'). There are no timpani in Schoenberg's

scaled-back version, but he does retain much of the original division of material between winds and strings, using the piano and harmonium to add colour and variety. (In fact, he did not even produce a separate full score from which to conduct the first performance in 1920 – he simply annotated Mahler's full score with his own instrumental changes.) The piano is a particularly useful replacement for the harp, and certain oboe lines; the harmonium provides an effective analogue for horns in the third and fourth numbers. And the triangle, so crucial to the tinkling flowers and birds of the first two songs, appears in the chamber version as well. The overall effect is one of great intimacy, the audience permitted the role of emotional confidant to the wandering apprentice as he tells of his joys and sorrows.

Mahler completed and premièred the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* in 1896, the year before his arrival in Vienna. *Das Lied von der Erde*, on the other hand, was written after his departure for New York in 1907, and was only given its first performance six months after Mahler's death, in November 1911. The piece requires a substantial orchestra: three flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets and trombones, four horns, tuba, two harps, strings, an array of percussion instruments, celesta and mandolin. How, then, was such a piece to be transcribed for the *Verein's* ensemble? Schoenberg began the arrangement himself, and then passed it to his pupils to complete (it is not known exactly who worked on it, although it is possible that Webern was involved). He frequently gave such tasks to his students, considering it a valuable exercise in determining the most direct means of conveying the principal musical material with limited forces, and many of the *Verein* arrangements were collaborative efforts.

In this instance, there is a more considerable difference between the impact of the full orchestral version, and that of the chamber score. In particular, the

overwhelming *Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde* is deprived of some of its menace and sonic force here – although the standard *Verein* ensemble was considerably expanded for the project. The flautist and oboist are both required to double (piccolo and cor anglais respectively), and two clarinetists are included, along with bassoon, horn, harmonium and celesta, piano, strings and a considerable amount of percussion. The cost of hiring and transporting the percussion, plus the larger line-up, would not have been insignificant, and it does not seem as if the arrangement was ever given at a *Verein* concert. (It was largely due to spiralling inflation in Austria that the organisation was eventually forced to cease activity in 1921.)

Although the lighter scoring does not quite pack the punch of Mahler's orchestral writing, it does have the advantage of clarifying aspects of the instrumental texture, and removes the danger of the soloists being overpowered, particularly in the opening number. Once again, Mahler has provided distinctly chamber-like scoring for many passages within *Das Lied*, and although the precise instrumentation is sometimes fractionally altered (principally to fill gaps, such as the trumpet, and account for the presence of only one principal player of each wind instrument, rather than three), the sense of the original is clearly maintained. The percussion both highlights the oriental inspiration of the work – many movements use Chinese scale structures – and provides additional drama at crucial moments. And within the miraculous final movement, *Abschied*, the change of pace at 'Ich sehe mich, o Freund, an deiner Seite' ('I long, my friend, to be by your side'), seems even more magical for its soft and intimate arrival in this version. Here, as Schoenberg himself remarked, Mahler captures with deftness and beauty 'the finite nature of earthly things'.

Katy Hamilton

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Texts by Gustav Mahler

1. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!

Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,
Weine, wein' um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide.
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leide!
An mein Leide!

2. Ging heut' morgen übers Feld

Ging heut' morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing,
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen! Ei gelt?
Du! Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?"

Songs of a Wayfarer

1. When my love has her wedding-day

When my love has her wedding-day,
Has her happy wedding-day,
That is a sad day for me.

I go into my little room,
My dark little room!
Weep! Weep! For my love,
For my dear love!

Floweret blue! Floweret blue!
Wither not! Wither not!
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!
You sing on the green heath!
Ah, how beautiful is the world!
Ti-coo! Ti-coo!

Do not sing! Do not blossom!
Spring is gone!
All singing is now over!
In the evening when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow,
Of my sorrow!

2. I went this morning over the field

I went this morning over the field,
The dew on the grass still hung,
Then spoke to me the cheerful finch:
'Ah, you! Isn't it? Good morning! Ah isn't it?
You! Won't it be a beautiful world?
A beautiful world?
Zink! Zink! Beautiful and swift!
How the world yet pleases me!

The bluebells too in the field
Played to me of happy, good things
Sounding with their bells,
Ringing their morning greeting:
'Won't it be a beautiful world?'

Eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!
Heia!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und Klein!
"Guten Tag,
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei du, gelt? Schöne Welt!"
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein, nein, das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

3. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! o weh! Das schneid't so tief
in jede Freud' und jede Lust.
so tief, so tief!

Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
Nimmer hält er Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht,
Wenn ich schlief!
O weh!

Wenn ich den Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen stehn!
O weh!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde weh'n!
O weh!

Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh!

Ich wollt', ich läg auf der Schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

A beautiful world?
Sound, sound!
How the world yet pleases me!
Heigh-ho!

And then in the sunshine
The world began to shine, so to speak,
All, all, sound and colour took
In the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small!
'Good day, good day!
Isn't it a beautiful world?
Ah, you! Isn't it? Ah, you! Isn't it?
Now does my happiness begin?
No, no, I think
It can never blossom for me.

3. I have a glowing dagger

I have a glowing dagger,
A dagger in my breast.
Alas! Alas! It cut so deep
In every joy and every pleasure,
So deep, so deep!

Ah, what sort of evil guest is this?
Never is he at peace,
Never is he at rest!
Not by day, not by night
When I slept!
Alas! Alas! - Alas!

When I look into the heavens,
I see two blue eyes there!
Alas! Alas!
When I go into the yellow field,
I see from afar fair hair,
Waving in the wind.
Alas! Alas!

When I from dreams awake
And hear her silver laughter sound,
Alas! Alas!

I would that I lay on my black bier
And could never never open my eyes!

4. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da muß ich Abschied nehmen vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt Ade! Ade!
Mein Gesell' war Lieb und Leide!

Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum, der hat
seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Ah, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles, Lieb' und Leid!
Und Welt und Traum!

4. The Two Blue Eyes

My love's two blue eyes
Have sent me out into the wide world.
Then must I bid farewell of this best beloved place!
O blue eyes! Why did you look at me?
Now have I for ever sorrow and grief!

I went out in the still night,
In the still night over the dark heath.
No-one bade me farewell, farewell! Farewell!
My companion was love and sorrow!

On the road stood a lime-tree.
There had I for the first time rest and sleep!
Under the lime-tree that snowed
Down on me its blossoms.
Then I knew not what life held,
All, all was good again,
Ah, all was good again!
Ah! Ah! Love and sorrow!
And world and dreaming!

English translations by Keith Anderson

Das Lied von der Erde

Texts by Hans Bethge (1876-1946)

1. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde (nach Li-Tai-Po (701-762))

Schon winkt der Wein im gold'nen Pokale,
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst sing' ich euch ein Lied!
Das Lied vom Kummer soll auflachend
in die Seele euch klingen.
Wenn der Kummer naht, liegen wüst die Gärten der Seele,
Welkt hin und stirbt die Freude, der Gesang.
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Herr dieses Hauses!
Dein Keller birgt die Fülle des goldenen Weins!
Hier, diese Laute nenn' ich mein!
Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren,
Das sind die Dinge, die zusammen passen.
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit
Ist mehr wert, als alle Reiche dieser Erde!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Das Firmament blaut ewig, und die Erde
Wird lange fest steh'n und aufblüh'n im Lenz.
Du aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst du dich ergötzen
An all dem morschen Tande dieser Erde!

Seht dort hinab! Im Mondschein auf den Gräbern
Hockt eine wildgespenstische Gestalt.
Ein Aff' ist's! Hört ihr, wie sein Heulen
Hinausgellt in den süßen Duft des Lebens!

Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit, Genossen!
Leert eure gold'nen Becher zu Grund!
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!

The Song of the Earth

1. The Drinking Song of the Earth's Sorrow (after Li-Tai-Po (701-762))

Now the wine in the golden goblet calls to me,
but do not drink yet, first I will sing you a song!
The song of sorrow shall sound
with laughter in your soul.
If sorrow comes near, the garden of the soul lies waste,
Joy, song, fade and die.
Dark is life, and so too death.

Lord of this house!
Your cellar is full of golden wine!
Here, this lute I call mine!
Playing the lute and emptying glasses
Are things that go together.
A full beaker of wine at the right time
Is worth more than all the riches of the earth!
Dark is life, and so too death.

The sky is ever blue, and the earth
Will long stand fast and blossom in spring.
But you, o man, how long then do you live?
You cannot for a hundred years enjoy
All the tainted trifles of this earth!

See down there! In the moonlight on the graves
A wild and ghostly figure squats.
It is an ape! Listen how he howls,
Yelling in the sweet fragrance of life!

Now take the wine! Now is the time, friends!
Empty your golden beakers to the bottom!
Dark is life, and so too death.

6 2. Der Einsame im Herbst
(nach Chang-Tsi (710-782))

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich überm See,
Vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser,
Man meint, ein Künstler habe Staub von Jade
Über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.

Der süße Duft der Blumen ist verfliegen;
Ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder.
Bald werden die verwelkten, gold'nen Blätter
Der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser zieh'n.

Mein Herz ist müde. Meine kleine Lampe
Erlöscht mit Knistern, es gemahnt mich an den Schlaf.
Ich komm' zu dir, traute Ruhestätte!
Ja, gib mir Ruh', ich hab' Erquickung not!
Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten,
Der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu lange.
Sonne der Liebe, willst du nie mehr scheinen,
Um meine bitteren Tränen mild aufzutrocknen?

7 3. Von der Jugend
(nach Li-Tai-Po)

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche
Steht ein Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weißem Porzellan.

Wie der Rücken eines Tigers
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade
Zu dem Pavillon hinüber.

In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.
Manche schreiben Verse nieder.

Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten
Rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen
Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.

6 2. The Lonely One in Autumn
(after Chang-Tsi (710-782))

Autumn mist hangs blue over the lake,
All the grass stands are covered in frost;
You would think an artist had cast jadedust
Over the delicate flowers.

The sweet fragrance of the flowers has gone;
A cold wind bows down their stems.
Soon they will have faded, golden leaves
Of the lotusflower lying on the water.

My heart is tired. My little lamp
Goes out with a crackle, it reminds me
I should sleep. I come to you, trusted state of rest!
Yes, give me rest, I need refreshment!
I weep much in my loneliness.
Autumn lingers too long in my heart.
Sun of love, will you never more shine,
Gently drying my bitter tears?

7 3. Of Youth
(after Li-Tai-Po)

In the middle of the little pond
Stands a pavilion of green
And white porcelain.

Like the back of a tiger
The bridge of jade arches
Across to the pavilion.

In the little house sit friends,
Finely dressed, drinking, talking.
Many of them are writing verses.

Their silken sleeves move
Backwards, their silken caps
Rest happily back on their necks.

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.

Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend
In dem Pavillon aus grünem
Und aus weißem Porzellan,

Wie ein Halbmond scheint die Brücke,
Umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.

8 4. Von der Schönheit
(nach Li-Tai-Po)

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,
Pflücken Lotosblumen an dem Uferrande.
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,
Sammeln Blüten in den Schoß und rufen
Sich einander Neckereien zu.

Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,
Ihre süßen Augen wider,
Und der Zephyr hebt mit Schmeichelkosen
Das Gewebe ihrer Ärmel auf,
Führt den Zauber ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben
Dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen Rossen,
Weithin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen;
Schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen Weiden
Trabt das jungfrische Volk einher!

Das Roß des einen wiehert fröhlich auf,
Und scheut, und saust dahin,
Über Blumen, Gräser wanken hin die Hufe,
Sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm die hingesunk'nen Blüten.
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,
Dampfen heiß die Nüstern!

On the little pond's still
Watersurface everything shows
Wonderfully reflected.

Everything is standing on its head
In the pavilion of green
And white porcelain.

The bridge seems like a halfmoon,
Its arch inverted. Friends,
Finely dressed, drink, talk.

8 4. Of Beauty
(after Li-Tai-Po)

Young girls are picking flowers
Picking lotusflowers by the riverbank.
Among bushes and leaves they sit,
Gathering flowers in their laps and calling
To each other playfully.

Golden sunlight weaves about their figures,
Reflects them in the bright water.
The sun reflects their slender limbs,
Their sweet eyes,
And the Zephyr lifts, caressing,
The cloth of their sleeves,
Carries the magic of their fragrance through the air.

O see, what handsome boys are busy
There on the riverbank on their brave horses,
Shining far like the rays of the sun;
Between the branches of the green willows
The lively young people trot!

The horse of one of them joyfully neighs,
And shies, and dashes away,
Over flowers and grass his hooves go,
Trampling down suddenly the fallen flowers.
Hey! How his mane flutters out in ecstasy,
His nostrils hot and steaming!

Gold'ne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.
Und die schönste von den Jungfrau'n sendet
Lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung.
In dem Funkeln ihrer großen Augen,
In dem Dunkel ihres heißen Blicks
Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung ihres Herzens nach.

9 5. Der Trunkene im Frühling
(nach Li-Tai-Po)

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist,
Warum denn Müh' und Plag'?
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,
Den ganzen lieben Tag!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann,
Weil Kehl' und Seele voll,
So taum!' ich bis zu meiner Tür
Und schlafe wundervoll!

Was hör' ich beim Erwachen? Horch!
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.
Ich frag' ihn ob schon Frühling sei,
Mir ist als wie im Traum.

Der Vogel zwitschert: Ja!
Der Lenz ist da, sei kommen über Nacht!
Auf tiefstem Schauen lauscht' ich auf,
Der Vogel singt und lacht!

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu
Und leer' ihn bis zum Grund
Und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt
Am schwarzen Firmament!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,
So schlaf' ich wieder ein.
Was geht mich denn Frühling an?
Laßt mich betrunken sein!

Golden sunlight weaves about their figures,
Reflects them in the bright water.
And the fairest of the girls sends
Long looks of yearning after the boy.
Her proud bearing is only show.
In the sparkling of her large eyes,
In the darkness of her heated glance,
The stirring of her heart sways lamenting towards him.

9 5. The Drunkard in Spring
(after Li-Tai-Po)

If life is only a dream,
Why labour and worry?
I drink until I can drink no more,
The whole blessed day!

And if I can drink no more,
Since throat and soul are full,
I totter to my door
And sleep wonderfully!

What do I hear when I wake? Listen!
A bird is singing in the tree.
I ask him if the spring is coming,
It is like a dream to me.

The bird twitters: yes!
Spring is there, it came overnight!
In deepest wonder I listen,
The bird sings and laughs!

I fill my beaker again
And empty it to the bottom
And sing, until the moon shines
In the black sky!

And when I can sing no more,
I go to sleep again.
What then is spring to me?
Let me be drunk!

10 6. Der Abschied
(nach Li-Tai-po)

Die Sonne scheidet hinter dem Gebirge.
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder
Mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung sind.
O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt
Der Mond am blauen Himmelssee herauf.
Ich spüre eines feinen Windes Weh'n
Hinter den dunklen Fichten!
Der Bach singt voller Wohllaut durch das Dunkel.
Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.

Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh' und Schlaf.
Alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen,
Die müden Menschen geh'n heimwärts,
Um im Schlaf vergeß'nes Glück
Und Jugend neu zu lernen!
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen.
Der Welt schläft ein!
Es wehet kühl im Schatten meiner Fichten.
Ich stehe hier und harre meines Freundes.
Ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.
Ich sehne mich, o Freund, an deiner Seite
Die Schönheit dieses Abends zu genießen.
Wo bleibst du? Du läßt mich lang allein!
Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner Laute
Auf Wegen, die von weichem Grase schwellen.
O Schönheit, o ewigen Liebens, Lebens trunkene Welt!

10 6. The Farewell
(after Li-Tai-po)

The sun sinks behind the mountains.
In all the valleys evening descends
With its shadows, that are so cool.
O see! Like a silver barque the moon
Sails through the blue sea of heaven.
I feel a fine breeze blowing
Behind the dark pinetrees.
The brook sings out aloud through the darkness,
The flowers turn pale in the twilight,

The earth breathes full of rest and sleep.
All yearning now is dreaming,
Weary men go homewards
To learn anew
The forgotten joy of sleep and youth!
The birds roost silently on their branches
The world is going to sleep!
It blows cool in the shadow of my pine-trees
I stand there and await my friend.
I wait for his last farewell.
I long, my friend, to be by your side
To enjoy the beauty of this evening.
Where are you? You leave me so long alone!
I wander up and down with my lute
On the pathway that is covered with soft grass.
O beauty, O world drunk with eternal love and life!

English translations by Keith Anderson

(nach Wang-Wei (701-761))

Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm
den Trunk des Abschieds dar.
Er fragte ihn, wohin er führe
Und auch warum es müßte sein.
Er sprach, seine Stimme war umflort:
Du, mein Freund,
Mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold!

Wohin ich geh? Ich geh', ich wand're in die Berge.
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz!
Ich wandle nach der Heimat, meiner Stätte!
Ich werde niemals in die Ferne schweifen.
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner Stunde!
Du liebe Erde allüberall
Blüht auf im Lenz und grünt aufs neu!
Allüberall und ewig blauen licht die Fernen,
Ewig... ewig!

(after Wang-Wei (701-761))

He dismounted from his horse and handed him
the farewell drink,
He asked him where he was going
And why, too, he must leave.
He spoke, his voice was low.
Ah, my friend,
Fortune was not good to me in this world!

Where am I going? I go, I wander in the mountains.
I seek rest for my lonely heart!
I go to my home, my abode!
I shall never rove into the far distance.
My heart is still and awaits its hour!
The beloved earth everywhere
Is in flower in spring, green again!
Everywhere and forever it shines blue in the distance
Forever... forever.

Susan Platts



Susan Platts is a Rolex Prize-winning and celebrated Mahlerian. Her engagements include the composer's *Second Symphony* with the Baltimore, San Diego, Toronto Vancouver, Québec, Montréal and American Symphonies and the Kraków Philharmonic; the *Third Symphony* with the Orchestre de Paris, Montréal, Oregon, North Carolina and Vancouver Symphonies and at the Brevard Music Center; *Das Lied von der Erde* with the Malaysian Philharmonic, Tokyo Metropolitan and Louisville Orchestras and the North Carolina Symphony; and the *Eighth Symphony* with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Milwaukee, Montréal, Vancouver, American and Québec Symphonies and the Calgary Philharmonic. She has sung with the Boston, Houston and Seattle Symphonies, the Minnesota and Cleveland Orchestras, and has collaborated with the conductors Roberto Abbado, Jane Glover,

Keith Lockhart, Andreas Delfs, Sir Andrew Davis, Christoph Eschenbach, Marek Janowski, Osmo Vänska, Franz Welsch-Möst, Hans Graf, Peter Oundjian, Helmuth Rilling, Ludovic Morlot, Bernard Labadie and Yannick Nézet-Séguin. Opera rôles include Erda in *Das Rheingold* at Pacific Opera Victoria, and Florence Pike in *Albert Herring* at the Vancouver Opera.

Charles Reid



Charles Reid's 2014-15 season included performances of Rachmaninov's *The Bells*, Handel's *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *Symphony No. 2 'Lobgesang'*, Wagner's *Das Rheingold* and recitals. He performed with the Hong Kong Philharmonic under Jaap van Zweden, the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra with JoAnn Falletta, the Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra with Raymond Harvey, and others. Other engagements include Britten's *War Requiem* under the baton of Jane Glover and performances of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* with Matthias Goerne at the Schubertiada a Vilabertran, conducted by Josep Pons. Charles Reid's discography includes recordings for Deutsche Grammophon, Opus Arte, OEHMS Classics, Naxos, and others. He is the recipient of awards from the Richard Tucker Music Foundation, the Loren L. Zachary Foundation and the Marjorie Lawrence International Vocal Competition, among others. In addition to an active performance schedule, he is Associate Professor of Voice and Artist in Residence at Andrews University, and Producer and Host of This Opera Life Podcast.

Roderick Williams



Photo: Benjamin Ealovega

Roderick Williams enjoys relationships with all the major British opera houses and is particularly associated with the baritone rôles of Mozart. He has sung world premières of operas by David Sawer, Sally Beamish, Michael van der Aa, Robert Saxton and Alexander Knaifel, among others. He has sung concert repertoire with all the BBC orchestras and many other orchestras and ensembles internationally. Festival appearances include the BBC Proms, including the Last Night in 2014, Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Aldeburgh and Melbourne. Other engagements include Bach's *St John Passion* with the Berlin Philharmonic and Sir Simon Rattle, Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte* for English National Opera, Van der Aa's *After Life* at Melbourne State Theatre, Van der Aa's *Sunken Garden* at Opéra de Lyon, Sharpless in *Madama Butterfly* for Nationale Reisopera, and a concert performance of Ned Keene in *Peter Grimes* with the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome. He is also an accomplished recital artist who can be heard at major venues and festivals.

Attacca Quartet

Keiko Tokunaga, Violin 1 • Amy Schroeder, Violin 2 • Luke Fleming, Viola • Andrew Yee, Cello



First Prize-winners at the 7th Osaka International Chamber Music Competition in 2011, top prizewinners and Listeners' Choice Award recipients in the 2011 Melbourne International Chamber Music Competition, and winners of the Alice Coleman Grand Prize at the sixtieth annual Coleman Chamber Ensemble Competition in 2006, the internationally acclaimed Attacca Quartet has become one of America's leading young performing ensembles. The Attacca Quartet is now in its eleventh season, having been formed at The Juilliard School in 2003, where they were also the Graduate Resident String Quartet from 2011-13. For the 2014-15 season, they were named the Quartet in Residence for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The Attacca Quartet made their professional debut in 2007 as part of the Artists International Winners Series in Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall. Their recordings include the complete string quartet works of John Adams and a projected series of all the Haydn quartets. They have been honoured with the 2013 National

Federation of Music Clubs Centennial Chamber Music Award, the Arthur Foote Award from the Harvard Musical Association, and the Lotos Prize in the Arts. The Attacca Quartet is represented by Baker Artists, LLC.

Virginia Arts Festival Chamber Players

**Debra Wendells Cross, Flute and Piccolo • Sherie Lake Aguirre, Oboe and Cor anglais
Ricardo Morales, Clarinet • Robert Alemany, Bass clarinet • Laura Leisring, Bassoon
Jacek Muzyk, French horn • Stephen Coxe, Piano • Charles Woodward, Harmonium and Celeste
Robert W. Cross, Percussion • Tim Bishop, Percussion • Christopher White, Double bass**

Under the direction of Executive and Artistic Director Robert W. Cross, since 1997 the Virginia Arts Festival has transformed the cultural scene in southeastern Virginia, presenting great performers from across the globe, to local audiences and visitors from across the United States and around the world. Renowned artists who have performed at Virginia Arts Festival include Itzhak Perlman, Renée Fleming, Yo-Yo Ma, Joshua Bell, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, the Miami String Quartet, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Garrison Keillor, Stewart Copeland, Audra McDonald, Kelli O'Hara, Patti LuPone, the Birmingham Royal Ballet, the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, the American Ballet Theatre, and the Mark Morris Dance Group. The Festival has presented numerous world premières and new productions of classical music, dance, and theatre from some of today's most influential composers, choreographers and playwrights. The Festival's arts education programmes reach tens of thousands of area schoolchildren each year through student matinees, in-school performances, artists' residencies, master classes and demonstrations. The Virginia Arts Festival celebrated its twentieth season in Spring 2016.

JoAnn Falletta



Photo: Guern Black

JoAnn Falletta serves as Music Director of the Buffalo Philharmonic and Virginia Symphony and is the Principal Guest Conductor of the Brevard Music Center of North Carolina. She has guest conducted over a hundred orchestras in North America, and many of the most prominent orchestras in Europe, Asia, South America and Africa. She served as Principal Conductor of the Ulster Orchestra from 2011 to 2014, with whom she made her début at London's prestigious Proms and has recorded music of Gustav Holst, E.J. Moeran and John Knowles Paine. Recipient of the Seaver/National Endowment for the Arts Conductors Award, winner of the Stokowski Competition, and the Toscanini, Ditson and Bruno Walter conducting awards, Falletta has also received twelve ASCAP awards and served on the U.S. National Council on the Arts. A champion of American music, she has presented over five hundred works by American composers including 110 world premières. Her Naxos recordings include the double GRAMMY® Award-winning disc of works by John Corigliano and GRAMMY® nominated discs of works by Tyberg, Dohnányi, Fuchs, Schubert, Respighi, Gershwin, Hailstork and Holst.

www.joannfalletta.com

Arnold Schoenberg founded the Society for Private Musical Performances in 1918 to perform contemporary music from 'Mahler to the present'. Mahler had been an early supporter of Schoenberg's music, and Schoenberg repaid the favour by arranging Mahler's orchestral works for chamber ensemble and including them at the society's concerts. The colourful *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* are given a feel of great intimacy in this form, while the lighter scoring of *Das Lied von der Erde* has the advantage of clarifying instrumental textures, its magical effects capturing 'the finite nature of earthly things'.

Gustav MAHLER

(1860-1911)

arr. Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (Songs of a Wayfarer) (1896/1920) 16:26

- 1** 1. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht (When My Sweetheart is Married) **3:54**
- 2** 2. Ging heut' Morgen übers Feld (I Went This Morning Over the Field) **4:01**
- 3** 3. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer (I Have a Gleaming Knife) **3:03**
- 4** 4. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz (The Two Blue Eyes of my Beloved) **5:28**

Das Lied von der Erde (The Song of the Earth) (1908-09/?) 64:42

- 5** 1. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde (The Drinking Song of the Earth's Sorrow) **8:16**
- 6** 2. Der Einsame im Herbst (The Lonely One in Autumn) **9:59**
- 7** 3. Von der Jugend (Of Youth) **3:30**
- 8** 4. Von der Schönheit (Of Beauty) **7:29**
- 9** 5. Der Trunkene im Frühling (The Drunkard in Spring) **4:27**
- 10** 6. Der Abschied (The Farewell) **31:00**

Susan Platts, Mezzo-soprano **6** **8** **10** • **Charles Reid, Tenor** **5** **7** **9**

Roderick Williams, Baritone **1**-**4** • **Attacca Quartet**

Virginia Arts Festival Chamber Players • JoAnn Falletta

The German sung texts and English translations can be found inside the booklet,
and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/573536.htm

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